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One of **DUNKERLEY & FRANK'S** Beautifully-finished Umbrella's, on Fox's Celebrated Frames, retail at Manufacturers' Prices, at 7, Swan Street, Manchester.

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CLOCKMAKER TO HER MAJESTY'S BOARD OF WORKS.  
Gold Guards, Alberts, Rings, Brooches, Earrings, Lockets, &c. Silver and Electro-Silver.

70,  
DEANSGATE.

**THE STOCK EXCHANGE LUNCHEON BAR.**

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S. LAWTON, PROPRIETOR.

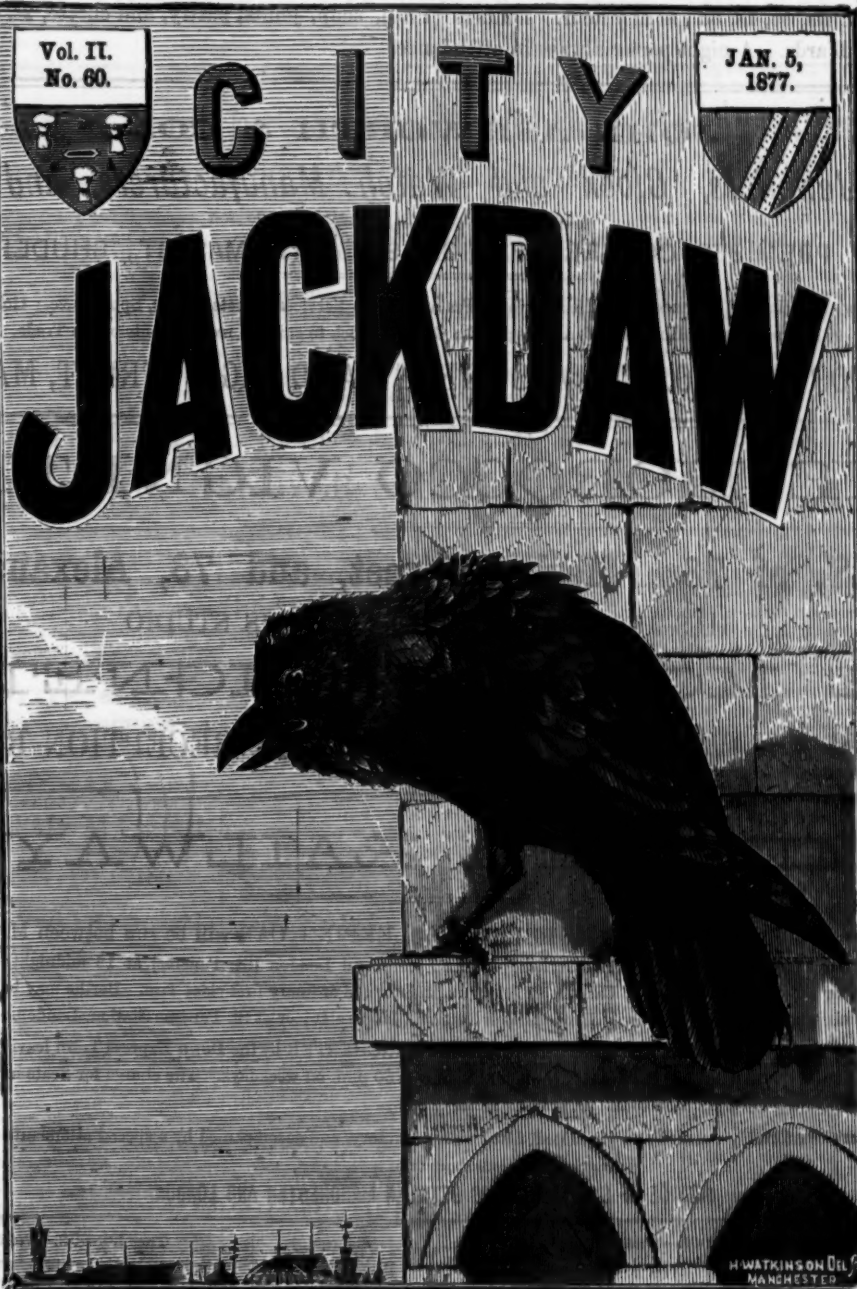
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**THE STOCK EXCHANGE LUNCHEON BAR.**

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ESTABLISHED  
SEVENTY-NINE YEARS.

**A. FRANKS,**

ESTABLISHED  
SEVENTY-NINE YEARS.

**OCULIST AND OPTICIAN,**

2, KING STREET, & DEANSGATE (opposite the Star Hotel), MANCHESTER.

A Large Stock of Magic Lanterns and Slides. Opera, Race, Field, and Marine Glasses in Great Variety. Spectacles and Artificial Eyes accurately adapted.

Publishing Office, Market Street Chambers, 73a, Market Street.

[Price One Penny.]

One of DUNKERLEY & FRANK'S HANDMADE...  
Under the name of 'The City Jackdaw'...  
...in the year 1877...

## THE CITY JACKDAW.

# THE "EMPIRE" HOTEL,

ADJOINING THE VICTORIA STATION,

## IS NOW OPEN!

Visitors will find above hotel one of the most comfortable in Manchester. Charges strictly moderate. Chop or steak, potatoes, bread, and cheese, 1s. 6d., at any hour. Dinners (1 80), soup, joints, pastry, and cheese, 2s. Wines and spirits of first quality. Billiards. A night porter always in attendance.

## JOHN ASHWORTH & CO.,

*Wholesale Jewellers, Clock and Watch Manufacturers, and Importers.*

NEW PREMISES CORNER OF HIGH ST. & THOMAS ST., SHUDEHILL.

Dining and Drawing Room Clocks and Bronzes, &c.; Electro-plated Tea and Coffee Services, Cruets, Forks, Spoons, &c.; Gold and Silver Watches; 9, 15, and 18-carat Hall-marked Alberts; and a General Stock to suit the requirements of the Trade.

JOHN ASHWORTH & CO., THOMAS STREET AND HIGH STREET, MANCHESTER.

# THE MOROCCO VIGNETTE.

R. BANKS, of 73a, Market Street, and 73, Alexandra Road,

HAS JUST INTRODUCED INTO HIS STUDIO

# THE MOROCCO VIGNETTE,

QUITE A NOVELTY. SEE SPECIMENS IN RECEPTION ROOM.

## MIDLAND RAILWAY.

ON and after Monday, January 1st, 1877, a PULLMAN SLEEPING CAR will be run between MANCHESTER and LONDON by the trains leaving Manchester (London Road) at 11 30 p.m., and London (St. Pancras) at 12 midnight, every night (Sundays excepted). The charge for a Berth in the Sleeping Car will be 5s. in addition to the ordinary first-class fare. Berths may be secured in advance on application at the Midland Railway Booking Offices, at London Road Station, Manchester; or at St. Pancras Station, London.

A PULLMAN DRAWING-ROOM CAR is run between LONDON and MANCHESTER by the Down Express Train leaving London (St. Pancras) at 10 a.m., and the Up Express Train leaving Manchester (London Road) at 4 50 p.m. on weekdays. The charge for Seats in the Drawing-room Car has been reduced from 4s. 6d. to 3s., in addition to the first-class ordinary fare.

The Pullman Cars are comfortably warmed and ventilated, fitted with a lavatory, and accompanied by a special attendant.

### SERVICE OF EXPRESS TRAINS BETWEEN MANCHESTER AND LONDON.

Stations.	To LONDON.—Weekdays.							Sun.	Stations.	From LONDON.—Weekdays.							Sun.
	Exp. a.m.	Exp. a.m.	Exp. a.m.	P.m.	P.m.	Exp.* p.m.	Exp.† p.m.			Fast. a.m.	Exp.* a.m.	Exp. a.m.	Exp. p.m.	Exp. p.m.	Exp.† p.m.	Exp. p.m.	
Manchester:— London Road...dep.	7 0	9 50	11 35	1 0	3 35	4 50	11 30	4 50	London:— Moorgate-street...dep.	5 15	10 0	11 41	2 58	4 40	11 40	1 50	
London:— St. Pancras...arr.	11 50	2 55	4 15	6 15	8 40	9 50	5 15	10 5	St. Pancras...arr.	5 15	10 0	12 0	3 15	5 0	12 0	2 50	
Moorgate-street...arr.	12 7	3 8	4 32	6 31	8 57	10 2	..	..	Manchester:— London Road...arr.	10 0	2 50	5 0	8 10	9 45	5 10	8 0	

\* Pullman Drawing-room Car. † Pullman Sleeping Car. Third-class tickets are issued by all trains.

Derby, December, 1876.

JAMES ALLPORT, General Manager.



## CHRISTMAS PRESENTS! GREAT VARIETY, FROM 6d. TO 60 GUINEAS.

Mehun, Longwy, Pâté-sur-Pâté, Gien, Limoges, Salopian, and other

## PORCELAIN VASES &amp; CABINET ORNAMENTS.

JOHN ROSE &amp; CO., MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS,

NORTHERN DEPÔT—71, KING STREET, MANCHESTER.

WORKS—COALPORT, SHROPSHIRE.

Shippers and the Trade supplied.

## Can Economy of Fuel be combined with the Perfect Combustion or Prevention of Smoke?

WE reply yes, by combining two systems, not otherwise. After five years' experience, with continual trials, our PATENT MECHANICAL STOKER, of which there are 1250 at work, has proved itself economical; and since the prevention of smoke has become of importance, we have introduced by far the most simple, durable, and easily-worked self-cleaning bars in existence.

For £65 we supply these bars, with hopper to put the coal in, forming a perfectly simple and smoke-preventing self-acting furnace.

But self-cleaning bars alone will not produce an appreciable economy, so that there is no return for the outlay except the saving in labour.

But our HENDERSON STOKER AND SELF-CLEANING BARS COMBINED not only save labour, prevent the smoke being produced, save the expansion and contraction of the boiler plates from irregular firing, but what is of equal immediate importance, produces a saving of from £50 to £100 a year on each boiler fitted. We are unaware of any other stoker which has been proved to increase the amount of work a boiler can do. We have, however, many cases where, as at the Wigan Coal and Iron Company, two boilers do the work formerly done with difficulty by three.

THE MECHANICAL STOKER COMPANY,  
37, HANOVER STREET, LIVERPOOL.

## OYSTERS! OYSTERS! OYSTERS!

Large arrival of DUTCH NATIVES twice a week. Also their far-famed FLEETWOOD OYSTERS for cooking or eating. Hotels, restaurants, and families supplied, from 1s. 6d. per score. Large AMERICAN OYSTERS always on hand. Note the address—

KENNEDY, LITTLE, &amp; CO.,

8, VICTORIA MARKET, MANCHESTER.

## T. STENSBY,

## GUN &amp; PISTOL MAKER,

11, HANGING DITCH.

ESTABLISHED 1810.

## EASE, Comfort, Cleanliness, Adaptation to Form of Body, Noiselessness, and Economy are all attained to perfection in the "EXCELSIOR" PATENT SPRING MATTRESS.

Which is confidently recommended as the best Spring Mattress before the public. It is made to fit any size of wood or iron bedstead, and constitutes a wonderfully elastic and comfortable bed, perfectly noiseless in all its movements; it is extremely simple, and does not get out of order, nor does it corrode; is very durable, and combines great strength with lightness and elegance; is easily repaired by any person, articles needed can be sent through the post. The principle of construction prevents depression in the centre, and insures complete isolation where two occupy a bed. Only a thin hair mattress being necessary, feather beds, cumbersome straw and flock mattresses are dispensed with; cost of bedding is much reduced, and bed-making becomes far less laborious; sweetness and purity—conditions so essential to health—result from the change. From a sanitary point of view its advantages are obvious and undeniable, and have led to its being largely used in infirmaries, hospitals, and asylums. Made as a camp bed it is peculiarly applicable for use as an additional bed in sick rooms, instead of a couch during convalescence, and as an occasional bed for visitors; the legs being folded under and the head-board removed, it takes up little room when stowed away. Circulars and price lists sent. Retail from cabinet makers and furnisiers; wholesale from

CHORLTON &amp; DUGDALE,

76, HIGH ORMOND STREET, MANCHESTER.

Established Twenty-two Years.—Under New Management.  
208, OXFORD ROAD, opposite Owens College.F. RAWCLIFFE (late William Marshall),  
GENERAL & FURNISHING IRONMONGER,  
AUTHORISED GASFITTER, LOCKSMITH, BELLMANAGER.

Efficient workmen always ready.

REPAIRS OF ALL KINDS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

A trial solicited.

## C. HALL,

Cigar Manufacturer and Importer,

Office—44, BRIDGE STREET.

C. H. is now manufacturing a speciality for Christmas presentation, and will be glad to see all his customers on the 22nd December, when he will have great pleasure in presenting each with a box of the above.

## BILLIARDS.

## JOHN O'BRIEN,

The only practical Billiard Table Manufacturer in Manchester, respectfully invites INSPECTION OF HIS STOCK OF BILLIARD TABLES, which is now the largest and most superb in the kingdom, all made under his own personal inspection. Sole Maker of the IMPROVED FAST CUSHION, that will never become hard.

Globe Billiard Works, 42, Lower King St.

## W. HODGSON,

## THE PEOPLE'S BUTCHER,

117, STRETTFORD ROAD,

Next to Trinity Church,

Having tried the credit system for twenty years, purposed to sell for cash at the following prices:—

BEEF.		MUTTON.	
Rounds, Ribs, and	9d.	Legs and Loins	9d.
Steaks	8d.	Shoulders	8d.
Top Ribs	8d.	Necks	7d.
Neck Veals	5d.	Breasts	5d.

## LUXURIANT

## WHISKERS AND MOUSTACHES

Positively forced to grow heavily in six weeks by FOX'S NOTED FORMULA. Thousands can testify to the same. A sure remedy for baldness. Harmless to the skin. Thirteen stamps. Mr. JOHN FOX, Macclesfield, Cheshire.

N.B.—Note name and address. Beware of delusive advertisements. Twenty years' unrivalled success.

## OYSTERS! OYSTERS! OYSTERS!

THE BEST CHRISTMAS PRESENT

Is a barrel or hamper of ANGLO-PORTUGO OYSTERS, containing

50 OYSTERS and an Oyster-knife.... 5s. 6d.

100 OYSTERS and an Oyster-knife.... 10s. 0d.

Sent direct from the beds, carriage paid, to

any station of the United Kingdom.

Apply, with remittance, to THOS. BRIGHTMAN, sen., Manager of the "Anglo-Portugo" Oyster Fisheries, Queenboro', Kent. The trade supplied.

## NORTH OF ENGLAND

## Co-operative Printing Society

LIMITED,

OFFICE: 17, BALLOON STREET,

CORPORATION STREET.

Works: New Mount Street, Manchester; and 40, Highbridge, Newcastle.

PRINTERS, STATIONERS, BOOKBINDERS,  
Machine Rulers, Account-book Manufacturers,  
LITHOGRAPHERS, ENGRAVERS, ETC.

The above firm have special facilities for the execution of all orders in Bookwork, Pamphlets, Catalogues, and all kind of Commercial Printing.

JOHN HARDMAN, Manager.

1877. CALVERT'S Mechanics' Almanack, 4d.  
CALVERT'S Short Memoranda and Calendar, 1d.

ESTABLISHED 1848.

# GREAT SALE

AT

## THOMAS PEEL'S,

125 & 127, OLDHAM STREET,

### IS NOW TAKING PLACE.

DOORS OPEN, 9-30 A.M.; CLOSE, 6-30 P.M.

*The Nobility, Gentry, and General Public are most respectfully informed that on Wednesday, the third instant, I intend SUBMITTING my ENTIRE STOCK, amounting to many thousand pounds (and which is of a very high character), to EXTRAORDINARY SALE PRICES.*

In addition to my ordinary Extensive Stock, each department will show several hundred pounds' worth of goods purchased within the last six weeks, and stored for this sale. They have been purchased from manufacturers and merchants at large discounts, and in some cases at half their original cost. These goods will all be sold at a small profit.

This sale will be conducted upon precisely the same system as my former ones, and which have given universal satisfaction, viz.:—

The regular stock will retain its ticket, which is always in plain figures, and a new ticket will be placed alongside, written with red ink, sale price. This system enables ladies to see at once the substantial reductions made.

All goods the least discoloured will be sold at nominal prices.

Special orders during the sale will be charged at sale prices.

**LADIES' MARRIAGE OUTFITS, £10 TO £150, WILL BE CHARGED SALE PRICES.**

**BABY LINEN SETTS, £10 TO £100, WILL BE CHARGED SALE PRICES.**

**CHILDREN'S OUTFITS, for SCHOOLS or ABROAD, will be charged SALE PRICES.**

It may not be generally known that for the Ladies' Underclothing, Baby Linen, Childrens' Underclothing, Babies' Millinery, Braidings, Embroidery, Children's Costumes, &c., employment is given to upwards of five hundred hands, enabling the proprietor to place goods of a superior class, and at first cost, before his customers.

It may not be generally known that ladies can procure at this establishment all the beautiful materials used in the business by the yard at economical prices, and every information as to quantities given to those ladies wishing to make their own.

It will be seen by those familiar with this establishment that several new departments have been added, and others greatly extended.

It is with much pleasure and confidence I issue this invitation to this great sale.

**THOMAS PEEL, 125 & 127, OLDHAM STREET.**

Particulars of sale to be seen in last Saturday's *Examiner*, and in the *Guardian* and *Courier* of to-morrow (Saturday).

# THE CITY JACKDAW:

A Humorous and Satirical Journal.

VOL. II.—No. 60.

MANCHESTER: FRIDAY, JANUARY 5, 1877.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

## THE PERSONNEL OF THE INFIRMARY BOARD.

THE most melancholy-looking group of men that is to be found in her Majesty's dominions is that which assembles every Monday forenoon in the board-room of the Manchester Infirmary. There are, of course, exceptions in their number—those, for example, who, flushed with successes, assume a particularly cocky and triumphant appearance. Our reference is mainly to the mismanaging majority, which assumes the prerogative of being the weekly board. Poor Mr. Hugh Birley, M.P., sits at the end of a room, not much bigger than his own dining-room, on a raised dais, looking as black and ill-tempered as any member of a conspirator's chorus in a burlesque. In justice to Mr. Birley, we must admit that he has great cause for looking so threateningly at the small band of his opponents who generally muster to the left of the table. Twice Mr. Birley has brought forward schemes for the removal of the Infirmary and for the sale of the site, and twice he has been defeated, at the Town Hall. He has not resigned, for reasons which it is possible he can reconcile to his own sense of self-respect. Mr. Birley is the worst—i.e., the most unfair—chairman that ever presided at a public meeting. We are far from saying that he would be consciously unfair when presiding at a church meeting at Barlow Moor, where he reads the lessons on Sunday mornings, because there he is surrounded by friends; but when he has to deal with a few hostile speakers he is so grossly unjust towards them that he turns the sympathies of the meeting in their favour. Whether the speaker be Mr. Alderman Curtis, or Sir Joseph Heron, or Mr. Goldschmidt, or Mr. Alderman King, or Mr. Fox Turner, it is all the same to Mr. Birley. He interrupts him, he tries to correct him, he tells him the meeting is growing impatient—and it is not every one who has the admirable *sang froid* of Sir Joseph Heron, and who can turn round quietly to Mr. Birley and tell him that the interruptions don't matter, for "he takes them all for applause." Then he insinuates that there may be some people present who are not qualified to vote at the meeting; and with Mr. Richard Haworth, he, with peculiar taste, intimates that if there are any such they are sure to be on the opposite side to himself. In plain language, what Mr. Birley and Mr. Richard Haworth, with his scanti-monious and Bolton accent, really mean to say is, that most likely there are some dishonest people present, and if so they are sure to be on the side of Sir Joseph Heron and Mr. Curtis. Mr. Birley, as we have said, looks dark, and black, and melancholy as he sits at the end of the Infirmary board-room. Some few years ago, Mr. Robert Leake, the chairman of the Liberal party, before he had begun to wear gloves, said that Manchester had done a stupid thing in sending Mr. Birley to parliament, for by doing so "it had spoiled a good philanthropist and made a bad politician." That was true, when Mr. Leake said it so neatly; but during the last two years the "good philanthropist" has degenerated into a partisan on the Infirmary question, who is not over scrupulous.

On Mr. Birley's left sits the ever-polite and attentive secretary, Mr. Brown, and near him are grouped two or three elderly gentlemen, whose only dissipation is this weekly meeting. A little to the back is Mr. H. B. Jackson, who has not, perhaps, too strong a will, but has all the marks of a high-bred gentleman about him. It was characteristic of him, when chairman for Mr. Mitchell Henry during a Manchester political contest, that he should rebuke some rather foul-mouthed members of his own party for their abuse of their opponents—notably Mr. Jacob Bright—by telling them that he would not endorse what they said; and, added he,

"you know they are gentlemen, and if you use such language again I shall be ashamed to meet them at social dinner parties." Such is Mr. H. B. Jackson all through. He takes it for granted that his opponents are gentlemen, and treats them as such. What a splendid coach he would make for Mr. Maclure at election times, but then what a frightful amount of work he would have! Near Mr. Jackson are sure to be one or two of the Heywoods, always solemn, always courteous, always conciliatory, and always feeble. Almost directly opposite Mr. H. B. Jackson sits Mr. E. Jackson, of Messrs. E. and J. Jackson, and a fine contrast the two make. Mr. E. Jackson is said never to have smiled since he was fifteen years of age. If Mr. Birley is sombre and dark, what is Mr. E. Jackson? Our private opinion is that the average trustee, after looking at and hearing those two, would, like the gentle Elia, vote against them at a venture, and that he would not be far wrong. Close to Mr. E. Jackson is the smiling and complaisant face of Mr. Councillor Goldschmidt, who, owing to his connection with so many charities, such as the Eye Hospital, etc., is better "posted up" on the subject of infirmaries, and what they ought to cost, than almost any other member of the weekly board. Mr. Goldschmidt's air of contentment probably arises from the fact that he is on the side that has won. Another municipal dignitary sits next to Mr. Goldschmidt, and he may be looked on as leader of the opposition to Mr. Birley's scheme. Alert, quick, and bold, he—if he would speak a little more definitely, and with greater emphasis—would be the model of a leader. He ought to be a proud man, for he has twice defeated Mr. Birley and his "unanimous" medical board; but he wears his honour meekly. By all courtesy he should be the chairman of the board, for his policy has been endorsed by the trustees, and Mr. Birley's has been twice condemned.

Mr. Maclure has not been mentioned hitherto, for the very sufficient reason that he sits nowhere. He is mostly in the lobby, and if we were ill-natured or suspicious enough, we might say that when he glides in, as he does several times during a meeting, to the back of the chairman's seat, he may generally be seen wiping his moustache. Well, the meetings are dry, and if the *Jackdaw* knew the ways of the house as well as he does, he would follow Mr. Maclure's example. Everybody knows "Maclure," and everybody likes him—with the exception of a section of the Tory party—for, except at election times, he is hail fellow well met with Radical and Tory alike. Mr. John Slagg once said of him, at a meeting, that he had known him all his life—they had kept rabbits together—but, added he, "we never had a dispute about politics, because I never found out he had any." But there is hope for Mr. Maclure. Some time ago, he informed some of his friends that he had "begun to read up politics," and what the end of such an enterprise will be heaven only knows. The great secret of Mr. Maclure's popularity, however, has never yet been made public. It is not his *bonhomie*. [This is put in italics to indicate that it is quoted, to use Mr. Maclure's words, from a "dead" language.—Ed. C. J.] Nor his size, nor the slap he gives you on the back, nor the fact that he is as ready for a spree with the reporters belonging to his party at Pomona after a demonstration as for a dinner at Lord Ellesmere's; but—shall we tell it?—the charm of Mr. Maclure is that we have never to consider him cleverer than we are ourselves, we have never the feeling that we are talking to a man likely to overwhelm, circumvent, or outwit us by any superior display of intellectual sword play. Is it not sad that such an one as he should be for the present under a cloud at the weekly board? He has been badly beaten, and he knows it; and even he cannot throw off the depression that sits so heavily on Mr. Birley and the rest of them.

TEETH EXTRACTED WITHOUT PAIN, by aid of NITROUS OXIDE or LAUGHING GAS, warranted perfectly harmless, by S. J. JORDAIN, Dentist, 53, Piccadilly (opposite the Infirmary). Established twenty-five years.



Out of respect for the medical men, we have left them as a *bonne bouche*\* to the last. That tall, gentlemanly man, with dark hair and keen eyes, sitting to the chairman's left, is Dr. Morgan. He has a very ill-used air about him, though he seems as full of go as ever, and that is the worst of Dr. Morgan. Will he forgive a friendly critic if he ventures to give him a hint, prefacing it by the remark that there are few men he so much admires? Dr. Morgan is so much in earnest in having his own way, and that way is Mr. Birley's, that he, perhaps unconsciously, makes such exaggerated statements that people interrupt him, and profane trustees even laugh at him. We have seen him at Owens College—was it when Professor Huxley was down?—howled at by the students for fully five minutes because he had made a *mal-adroit*† remark which he was too obstinate to qualify or retract. We have seen him at the Town Hall howled at and laughed at alternately because in his zeal he made the most extravagant statements. Even in the solemn precincts of the board-room it is recorded of his remarks that they were greeted with "laughter" and "renewed laughter" when he told the trustees that the Infirmary would soon be emptied, because the patients had begun to read the papers, and were consequently already prepared to take up their beds and walk. The next time Dr. Morgan intends to make a speech he should send his manuscript to the *Jackdaw* to be toned down to the taste of trustees who are not all of them enthusiastic Welshmen.

Dr. Reed is the real governor of the Infirmary. Like the one survivor of the shipwrecked crew in a well-known Bab ballad, he might say—

Oh, I am a cock and a captain bold,  
And mate of the Nancy brig;  
A bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,  
And crew of the captain's gig.

He embodies patron, president, vice-president, treasurer, the whole crew of deputy treasurers, house stewards, auditors, weekly board, and veterinary surgeon. He and Dr. Morgan sit cheek by jowl, and they form physically a striking contrast. The marks of defeat are very visible on Dr. Reed's face, and in his deep-set restless eyes we can see that he is constantly planning another spring. Dr. Reed, we are told, is a very clever man, and he had need be, for his is no enviable situation. He has to march to the front again at the Town Hall on the 15th to encounter almost certainly a third repulse. We are sorry for Dr. Reed, and we do not wonder that he, like the others, looks atrabilious. In days of prosperity he was not over civil to critics like Mr. Fox Turner and Mr. Alderman King, and we shall entertain the hope that adversity will teach him a lesson that Mr. Birley and he greatly need.

\* Is this French, or another dead language?—Ed. C. J.

† Another summons from the dead.—Ed. C. J.

#### OLD ENGLISH BALLADS.—No. IX.

**O**F all the miserable Christmases I have spent since I was born, this has been the miserablest. Nobody invited me to dinner. Nobody sent me a turkey—unless the editor collared it—or even so much as a bottle of dry sherry. I fully thought the editor would have asked me to be his guest, but as he didn't I concluded that it was simply because he had forgotten it, so I concluded to forgive him all the injuries he has done me, and drop into dinner on Christmas day. About one o'clock, therefore, I wended my way to the palatial mansion which he occupies in Whalley Range. Before I went up to knock at the door, I thought I would just look in through the dining-room window to see what was going. Heavens! likewise Earth! The sight was simply astounding. Talk about the luxury of a Lucullus, of a Heliogabalus, of a Commodus! There was mere workhouse fare to that under which the editorial dining-table groaned. There were eight turkeys, six rounds of beef, fourteen plum-puddings, five geese, about thirteen fowls, half a hundredweight of mince-pies, a full regiment of wine-bottles, many of them I could see containing Tokay and Johannisberg at thirty shillings the bottle, at least,

and lots of other things which I cannot bear to think of. Thinks I to myself, this editor is a prince! He has invited the First Manchester Rifle Volunteers to dinner, and provided liberally enough to leave a good deal over for the band. How glad he will be to see me! Truly it is well that I should be here. And so I went on with a lot more comfortable reflections, which I need not mention. At length I knocked, and a gorgeous menial ushered me into a hall glittering with gold and alabaster, ornamented by paintings of fabulous value, and altogether forming an admirable setting for the five or six gems of manhood who lounged gracefully all about the place. I sent my name—a name of which a duke might be proud—and waited. I had not long to wait. Suddenly a voice called out, "Bring me my boots, the thick ones I use for kicking." Of course, the fact of a person asking for his thick boots had nothing to do with me, and yet I did feel a little uncomfortable. Presently the boots came downstairs—with a man in them. That man was the editor. He made a rush at me, but as fasting has made me active I just got outside of the front-door as the toe of his right boot reached the inside. He then stood on the doorstep, and began to swear at me, retiring after he had relieved his feelings in this way for a quarter of an hour. So ended my hopes of a dinner. Afterwards I—looking through the aforesaid window—saw this ogre eat successively—by himself—every atom of food on the table, beginning with the eight turkeys and ending with the half hundred-weight of pies, without mentioning some hogheads of liquor into the bargain. I felt tempted to throw stones through the window, but a furtive policeman lurking about deterred me; so I went back to town, and dined off a pig's trotter, devoting the editor to the particular care of the infernal gods.—N.B. This has nothing to do with the ballad below, but I thought I'd let the public know how I'd been treated.

HUGH BIRLEY'S dead, that good old man

We ne'er shall see him more;  
He was so good we almost wish  
He could have gone before.

He died from sheer vexation at  
The losing of the fight  
He waged with King and others on  
The Piccadilly site.

It never was denied that he  
Was very philanthropic,  
Although he certainly was mad  
On this Infirmary topic.

'Tis true his madness only was  
A kind of mild distemper,  
And chiefly showed itself in fits  
Of very bad ill-temper.

The fact is Nature must have been  
A most egregious gaby,  
For Mister Birley really should  
Have been a female baby.

Perhaps, just after he was born  
Some wicked nurse-girl changed him,  
And thus he got so muddled up  
As quite to have deranged him.

If this be so or not, I know  
(Don't think my meaning shady)  
That every day he lived he grew  
More like an ancient lady.

To speak more plainly, Mister B.,  
With all his good intention,  
Was just like some old cackling dame,  
And made as much dissension.

Of course, like everybody else  
(As my experience teaches),  
Old Birley was inclined to make  
Long-winded, empty speeches.

And rarely yet did mortal man  
Emit such commonplaces,  
Although the long-eared Tory crowds  
Would list with gaping faces.

His chief idea seemed to be  
That all the English nation,  
Unless they worshipped Jewish quacks,  
Were doomed to swift damnation.  
No doubt, to take his word for this,  
Full many were contented;  
But then, just like their leader, they  
Were all of them demented.

But now the poor old man is dead  
We'll say no more about him  
(I'm sure I'd be the very last  
To sneer at or to scout him—  
But this I'll further mention—in  
The world's big hurly-burly,  
'Tis odd that people choose such guides  
As weak-kneed Mister Birley.

### CHILDREN AT THE PLAY.

[BY AN OLD POOR.]

REMEMBER the time when I thought that I should like to go to the play every day in my life. That time seems very long ago now. I never used to get tired in those days, and had no suspicion of paint or padding. I am almost inclined to think that there was no paint and padding twenty years ago. Twenty! what do I say? Five and twenty! thirty! any number of years! I believe that at the period to which I refer, no one used to think of going anywhere except to the pit, and we used to get in the front row hours before the performance began, and suck peppermints and eat oranges till the curtain went up. They don't make peppermint bull's-eyes now; at least, I can find no trace of them. They used to be a most delightful colour—a sort of luscious brown, streaked with dirty white, and all stuck together in the bottle in a deliciously suggestive state of coagulation. There was a knife-handle usually protruding from that bottle, and I remember distinctly the pleasant rattle which the blade made among those peppermints when the man was eliminating the usual three-halfporth. There were two ounces for three-halfpence then, I recollect—about enough to last a whole night out at the play. The same quantity would last me now a month, a whole year. Our pockets used to be sticky in those days, and the bits of slate-pencil were, as a rule, ineffective from that cause, making at best but greasy marks. When I take children to the play to-day, I can't help thinking of these things. The boys do not now, I believe, carry bull's-eyes and slate-pencils in their t—; well, at all events, if they do there is no smell of peppermint. This used to be the most delightful odour in the world, and the especial enemy of greediness. If ever you smelt that smell you had only to say, "Give us one," and the delicacy was forthcoming. Do we all grow selfish with the years, and is the present generation more sordid than its predecessor? But, you see, the curtain is now up, and one thing is pretty evident that children have not lost the capacity for enjoying the play. It is only the play that is different. What is there to be amused at in all this rubbish? Why, it is all a mechanical contrivance, and you can distinctly hear the prompter's voice scolding—or swearing, which is it? How is it that all the actresses have to wear paint now, and wigs? Everybody nearly can remember when such things were unknown. Is that a fairy? Upon my life, it is my washerwoman's daughter; she brought home the clothes last Friday. In my time they never used to employ such people as that upon the stage. She is positively a fright. What are the children laughing at? Pahaw! it is rubbish; but I like to see children laugh. Next to seeing them eat, I think seeing children laugh is the best possible sight for a rather dyspeptic bachelor.

What is this? Is the play really over? Upon my word, the time has not seemed long at all. You see, though we cannot eat tough steaks any more, it is a pleasure to see the way in which young appetites deal with them. If we cannot enjoy the play any more, we can get amusement from the children's enjoyment. It sets us thinking and prattling; and if the thoughts and prattle be by no means new, what then, pray? Do not be so censorious, good people; there is nothing new under the sun, and the most original writer in the world can only say and think what has been said or thought by many before him. So now the play is over, and the children go away delighted, and will talk about it for a week or two, and will re-enact scenes thereof in the nursery. Is it not something to have given them this pleasure? By-and-by, they won't take any more interest in the play, so let them have the chance of enjoyment while they can get it. *Carpe diem* is especially the children's motto. Let them seize the day and its pleasures. They won't want to go to the play too often when they grow up, any more than they will want to eat two ounces of peppermints. They will be content soon to take their play and peppermints, or whatever the modern substitute may be, by proxy, and the pleasures of the youngsters will cause them to grow querulous and prosy.

### HANGING.

ON the morning of New Year's day, in the year of grace 1877, a young man, eighteen years of age, was to have been done to death, according to law, for stabbing another person in a drunken brawl. On Saturday last the hangman had arrived at Kirkdale, and had begun making the usual foul arrangements for the solemn carrying out of the deed of blood. We do not suppose that we shall wrong this individual by assuming that his bosom was full of complacency at the prospect of another job on land. He has had plenty of jobs lately, even taking into account two disappointments of a recent date. W. Habron has been "respired," whatever that may mean; and no word comes as to what will ultimately be his fate, though in his case it is tolerably plain that if not hanged he ought logically to be set free. Numerous bets were made about the decision of the Home Secretary in this case. It was more interesting than a horse-race or a cock-fight, because the life or death of a human being was on the issue. Well, in the case of Habron the law practically admitted itself to be in fault. After suffering the worst agonies of death daily for a week or two, the wretched prisoner was granted the boon of being permitted to live a little longer. The youth Callaghan, who was to have been strangled on New Year's day, has also had the boon of life granted him, but on different motives. It was found in the case of Habron that the law, in its anxiety to avenge the blood of one of its own officers, had jumped too swiftly at a conclusion. In the case of Callaghan the law has stultified itself by giving way to a popular and morbid clamour for mercy. The whole subject is so painful and disgusting that nothing short of a solemn purpose would justify us in discussing it. Such incidents as those to which we have referred, if properly considered, can only work in one way, and that way leads to the desirable consummation of the abolition of legal murder. We use the word advisedly, and maintain that a person who is killed in cold blood by the hangman is as foully murdered in the sight of Heaven as any member of any community possibly could be; and the way in which these slips and blunders on the part of the law will lead to the abolition of legal murder is this—that they set people thinking. People will learn gradually that, even admitting capital punishment to be good in its final ends, the manner in which the system is at present administered, and must be administered, is a cruel and absurd one. It matters little how a reform be arrived at, so that it be through men's conscientious convictions; and whichever way it be judged in this light, capital punishment, by strangling or otherwise, is doomed. It is a wicked system, an abhorrent system, and radically a faulty system, and can be justified by no solid arguments.

**LAIRITZ'S FIR WOOL OIL.**—The MARCHIONESS of WESTMINSTER bears testimony to the great efficacy of Lairitz's Fir Wool Oil. For the cure of Rheumatism, The, Neuralgia, &c. Sold by L. BEAVER, 37, Cross Street, Manchester; and all chemists, in bottles from 1s. 1d. upwards.



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The GRANDEST SPECTACLE and

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 Vide the opinion of the whole Press of Manchester.

PRICES for CHILDREN (at MORNING PERFORMANCE ONLY).

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THIS DAY (Friday), at TWO O'CLOCK, and TO-NIGHT, at SEVEN O'CLOCK, the  
**GRAND CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME,**

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**ROBINSON CRUSOE AND HIS MAN FRIDAY;**

Or, WICKED KING CRAB AND THE GOOD FAIRY CORAL FROM UNDER THE SEA.

WRITTEN BY F. C. BURNAND, ESQ.

The plot arranged by, and the whole produced under, the personal direction of Mr. SIDNEY.

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Robinson Crusoe..... Miss AMALIA  
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 Ben the Bo'son (in love with Mrs. Crusoe)..... Miss LAURA FAY  
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 King Kalibro (Chief of the Cannibals)..... Mr. FRANK BARSBY  
 Dinah (his Queen)..... Mr. PALMER  
 Ramtiffurte (his Prime Minister)..... Mr. BAINS  
 Polly (Robinson's sweetheart)..... Miss ROSE LEE  
 Dame Crusoe (Robinson's Stepmother)..... Mr. H. D. BURTON  
 The Sea Bird of great renown..... By A. BOWNEY BEAK  
 Jacko (Robinson's Monkey)..... Mr. JOHN MARTINETTE  
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PRICES:-

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**TOYS, DOLLS, GAMES, etc., suitable for PRESENTS.**

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 A Weekly Magazine. A new and original Lancashire story, entitled "FAMILY  
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**"Gloria," 8 for 2s 6d. Best Havanna Cigars—really choice. Smokers' Requisites of every**



## WHAT FOLKS ARE SAYING.

**T**HAT when Mr. J. W. Maclure says, in writing to the *Examiner*, that he is not given to quoting "French and other dead languages," he refers to Pothouse Protestant French.

That when he quotes *ex proprio motu*, he has evidently, according to his knowledge, taken to French and other dead languages Latin life.

That most probably he meant the d—d languages.

That the Young Men's Christian Association are in negotiation with a darkie troupe to make their appearance in Peter Street shortly.

That the Bishop has kindly consented to give an address on the bones—the dry bones of Christianity.

That Mr. Jim Lee objects to a smoke-room being provided at the Young Men's Christian Association, as half his customers would leave him.

That the two-headed nightingale performance was justified on the ground that it was a Christine (Nilsson) exhibition.

That Mr. A. K. Applebee has been practising Yankee gush at Bolton before going to America.

That instead of talking about worming, he'll be shortly, with a quid in his mouth, be talking about squirming.

That the pantaloons at the theatres are to be prosecuted by the police for not wearing side-suspender trousers.

## MORAL SONG.

(BY A LOVER OF NATURE.)



My little child, I prithee hush  
Thy prattle for a bit,  
And list to that melodious thrush  
Which on yon bough doth sit.

The dickie birds are free as air,  
And carol on the sprays;  
They feed on nature's simple fare,  
And have no sordid ways.

How would you like a bird to be,  
And sing among the trees,  
In wood and grove to wander free,  
And fly where'er you please?

Not you? I'd like to know—ahem!—  
Whence your objection springs?  
You would not like to feed like them  
On nasty worms and things?

My gentle offspring, you are bright,  
I can not say you nay;  
But still your grammar is not right,  
You should have said "like they."

The birds were never taught at school  
In terms correct to speak,  
They never, never learnt a rule  
Of Latin or of Greek.

So though the lesson I implant  
To you absurd appears,  
Just speak correctly—if you can't,  
My boy, I'll box your ears.

## PRINCE'S THEATRE.

**A**N alarmist paragraph appeared in last Wednesday's *Guardian* relating a cock-and-bull story about a panic at the Prince's Theatre. It is difficult to attempt the removal of a false impression without giving strength to it, but we may remark that the incident chronicled by the *Guardian* was of a very commonplace description, resulting in nothing at all except the absurd paragraph devoted to it. We may also call attention to the fact that the bright effects at the Prince's Theatre are produced by the use of the electric light, an inflammable essence; that the stage can be flooded at a moment's notice; that two official firemen are constantly watching on the premises; and that the means of exit are ample for any emergency, however sudden. The occurrence so graphically made the most of by the *Guardian* was in itself scarcely important enough to have called for these details, but the publication of the narrative makes the case different. It may be added that the practice of placing chairs in the gangways, which was somewhat objectionable, has been discontinued.

## STRANGE FREAK OF MEMORY.

**W**E read in the *Examiner* and *Times* that Mr. J. W. Maclure stated at the Infirmary Board meeting, on Monday, that he had gone there with a motion in favour of legalising proxy voting, without having previously consulted any of his colleagues on the matter. This is curious, when we know that a member of the board told his friends, ten days ago, that Mr. Maclure was going to make such a motion. What would be the diagnosis of the medical staff on this mental aberration? Memory plays strange tricks. What would any one say of the credulity of the trustees when asked to believe that this motion is not intended to have any relation to the site question?

## THE BISHOP AND BUNYAN'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

SCENE.—Hades. The late Bishop of MANCHESTER (Dr. Lee) and JOHN BUNYAN discussing.

**Bishop Lee.** I say, Bunyan, have you seen the Manchester papers this morning?

**John Bunyan.** No, I never read them; they are not allegorical enough for me.

**Bishop Lee.** Well, just listen to this.

**John Bunyan.** Do you take them in?

**Bishop Lee.** No, but Canon Gibson sends me a summary by private wire. Now, just listen. You are an admirer of my successor, Dr. Fraser.

**John Bunyan.** A fervent admirer. He might have been my Christian—only I'm afraid he would have turned back to talk, if he'd heard of a public meeting being held.

**Bishop Lee.** He was at the Young Men's Christian Association on New Year's day.

**John Bunyan.** Fine institution, that must be.

**Bishop Lee.** Splendid. Bible classes, magic lanterns, two-headed nightingales, etc.

**John Bunyan.** Famous institution!

**Bishop Lee.** Hear what Bishop Fraser said in addressing the Christians there: "He often thought that a book like the 'Pilgrim's Progress'—and he was sure he should hear again of what he was going to say—beautiful as it was from a literary point of view, and often from a spiritual point of view also, was, after all, quite unreal, and could hardly be a guide to any man in the practical work of life."

**John Bunyan.** The Devil he did!

**Bishop Lee.** John! John! I thought you gave up swearing when you gave up tinkering.

**Satan [in the background].** I'll forgive him, I'll forgive him, poor old John; it's enough to make anybody swear. I do it myself occasionally, when I read the Bishop's sermons.

## SLEEPING CARRIAGES ON THE MIDLAND.

**T**HE Midland Railway, which has always been first in adopting schemes for the comfort and convenience of passengers, has for some time been running sleeping cars on various parts of its system. These, which are constructed on the latest and most approved principles, are henceforth to be placed on the line between Manchester and London, one being attached to a late train every night (Sundays excepted). This will be in addition to the already luxurious provision for first-class passengers on many of the trains between Manchester and London. It is something during a long journey to be enabled, by a very trifling expenditure, to stretch one's legs, sit, lounge, or walk about, and read or write with comfort. All these advantages are now afforded to travellers on the Midland Railway; and, in addition, the boon of being able to sleep through the journey is now offered. Berths may be obtained in advance at the booking-office, so that all scrambling for places may be avoided. The train from Manchester leaves at 11 30 p.m., and reaches London at 5 15 a.m., returning from St. Pancras at 12 0 midnight, and reaching Manchester at 5 10 a.m. Passengers can remain in the cars, which are comfortable, warmed, and fitted with lavatories, until they think it time to get up and have breakfast, and an attendant will call them according to instructions. In this way a night journey may be rendered as comfortable as it possibly could be, and by many people it will be preferred to that of day.

description, at 66, Market Street, and 32, Victoria Street.—T. R. WITHECOMB, Proprietor.

## FIRESIDE COLUMN.

## ANSWER TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC (No. 5).

1. T A F F
2. U W A
3. R A I L
4. K E E L

NOTE (4).—The word "keel" is reversed, which would not in all cases be fair, but there is no great difficulty in the present instance.

Correct solutions of Acrostic No. 5 from Ivy, Jam, A Box of Lights, Hurricane, H. M., Ashton.

Acknowledged, with thanks.—J. W., C. B. D., Ark.

## DOUBLE ACROSTIC (No. 6).

To succour the unfortunate of every clime and nation,  
I wend my way, with lance in rest, 'mid gibes and oburgation;  
My raw-boned steed and henchman bold a sight is quite to see,  
And thus equipped I go full tilt against a-troc-i-ty.

I.  
Sheltered from the wind and basking in the sun,  
Quoth the poet laureate, forty feed like one.

II.  
Before you say me,  
Mind and weigh me.

III.  
A lady, as the play-books say,  
Held a savage under away.

IV.  
O'er the gleaming waters most gracefully I glide,  
With lovely Senoritas all in their beauty's pride.

V.  
Through sheltered glades and groves of oak,  
Echoes bear the woodman's stroke.

VI.  
Sliced from the bulk, and done nice and brown,  
Along with good ale your sorrows I'll drown.

## ANSWER TO ADDITIONAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. S H A M
2. L U M B A G O
3. A F R O N
4. D E L P H I C
5. E L E

\* \* Some irregularity having lately occurred in the publication of this column, we beg to state that arrangements have now been made for its punctual appearance every week.

N.B.—Communications must in all cases be addressed to the Acrostic Editor, at our office, and should be sent not later than Tuesday night.

## MRS. HENPECK'S HUMOURS.

[BY CLAUDE HENPECK, ESQ.]

## No. IV.—A DOMESTIC HUMOUR.

**M**Y dear, don't you think it is time to settle what baby shall be called? You are busy now? I don't suppose your business is so important that you can't devote a quarter of an hour to talking about this. There is no necessity for talking? Very well, I thought you would like to have a voice in the matter, that is all. You will leave it to me? I wish you would not always leave these sort of things to me; it would not look well if anybody knew. Nobody cares to know? Of course, that is what you think; but while we are having this discussion the whole might have been settled. I have settled it already in my own mind! I do not deserve that reproach. Do I not take your advice in everything? Hum! That is very well, but you can't mention any time when I did not take your advice. But all this discussion is waste of time. It is? Then why do you continue it? You said you were busy. So you are? So much the more reason for getting it over. Now, I have thought of a very nice name for her. It must have been difficult to find? Nonsense! there are

plenty of names. That is lucky for us? You talk as if you never read your Bible. I know what you mean; but I am sure Mr. Fogle would be glad to change places with you, and have a family and a home. Now you are laughing. The baby roared for five hours last night? Yes, poor child! and I think that new tooth will soon be through; but though you do talk so, I am sure there are plenty of men who would be glad to change places with you. You have not had a wink of sleep for a week? Have you not got a home and seven —? Mr. Fogle has none! No; and nobody to make him comfortable; but this is an unprofitable discussion. It is? Then why did you begin it? I believe you would sooner talk of anything else than the dear children; but now, about the name? And, after all, it is not often that I trouble you about them. You might not be their father, indeed. I do not understand joking on such a subject. It is no joke! I daresay you think so. I say it is not often; it is only — Once a year, like Christmas? You are very provoking, and we shall never finish at this rate. You are afraid not? When you get into that mood I confess that you are beyond me. It is very well for men to talk so when they get among themselves, but do be serious for a minute. What do you say to "Patience"? It is a very sweet name. And appropriate? Yes, I think so. You know, my mother's sister is called Patience, and oddly enough she was a seventh. Perseverance would be better! Mr. Henpeck, who ever heard of such a name? But I really must have my way about this one; I have set my heart upon calling her "Patience," and you shall have your own way next time. Now, I won't be interrupted; Mamma will be so pleased to hear of it. It was she who suggested the name, and when she comes to the Christening — Is she coming? Of course she is; didn't I tell you? The kind soul couldn't stay away on such an occasion. Who invited her? Of course, she needed no inviting; you ought to know her well enough by this time. You do? I know that you don't like visitors; but then she is not like a visitor, making herself so useful and pleasant in the house. Do I remember when she was here last? Of course, I do; that was when dear Patience was born. You see it is quite natural already to call her Patience. Now, as you are busy, and have been so good, I will not talk to you any more. Dear me, there is Patience crying; I must go to her. No, I cannot stop for an instant.

[It is all settled, and she is coming.—C. H.]

## THE CROCODILE.

[BY A LOVER OF NATURE.]

**F**ON the mud of ancient Nile  
You may observe the crocodile—  
A horrid thing to throw your glance on,  
For which consult Archdeacon Anson.

This cleric once to Egypt went,  
As clerics do whose health is spent;  
He went his forces to recruit,  
And there it was he saw that brute.

And when I think of how he saw  
That crocodile with horrid maw,  
It is enough to set a man on  
To wish he was, at least, a Canon.

A common parson, or a layman,  
Has little chance to see a cayman,  
Which is a sort of alias  
That this abhorrent reptile has.

It does not matter how you class him,  
Consult Archdeacon Anson *passim*;  
The brute's the theme which I began on,  
And so we'll leave the quondam Canon.

Now, when an ode to write I sought,  
About the crocodile I thought;  
"As this must be a mock ode, I'll  
Invent about the crocodile."



On second thoughts, however, I  
Resolved another plan to try,  
And so abandoned the intention  
Of giving you a mere invention.

I have a friend whose life is past  
In reading and in learning vast;  
I told to him my situation,  
And begged him for some information.

Says he, "Twas very kind to call  
On me, I'll gladly tell you all  
I know about the crocodile;  
Pray take this easy chair the while.

"Now, where," says he, "shall I begin?"  
Says I, "I do not care a pin,  
It must be either head or tail,  
Like tossing for a glass of ale."

"Twas clear that, by his brevity,  
He did not like this levity;  
"My first remarks shall be," he said,  
"With reference to the creature's head.

"Its jaws are full six feet in length,  
And are proportionate in strength;  
And have two rows of dreadful teeth,  
One up above and one beneath.

"Now, when that brute has made a meal—  
And when they eat they eat a deal,  
They mostly eat what they can find  
Of brutes, or even human kind—

"Now, when that brute has made a meal,  
You mark me, he begins to feel—  
This is a very curious thing,  
I hope that you are listening—

"I say that when he's had his feed,  
Another symptom will succeed;  
For, like a man just after dinner,  
He picks his teeth—as I'm a sinner."

I smiled a sort of dubious smile,  
And said, "Come, now, a crocodile  
Has got some curious ways, no doubt,  
But still my mother knows I'm out."

Says he, my honest doubt despising,  
"I knew you'd think it was surprising,  
I thought you'd be astonished, for  
I only used a metaphor.

"The wondrous things this beast surrounding  
Will prove to you still more astounding,  
For when that crocodile has fed  
A little bird lights on his head.

"The reptile is intelligent,  
And knows why that small bird is sent;  
It opens wide its jaws, the bird—  
You seem to think the tale absurd—

"It opens wide its jaws, I say;  
The bird goes in, and pegs away;  
That grateful brute, as I have heard,  
Was never known to harm that bird.

"Tis vouched for by Herodotus;  
You seem to think it odd; "Oh, tush!"  
Says I, "Herodotus be blowed!  
Who on the world such tales bestowed.

"Do you believe such lies as those?"  
Says he, "I've pulled a fellow's nose  
For less than that;" says I, "We'll part;"  
"All right," says he, "with all my heart."

A HUNLEY-BIRLEY.—The Infirmary Controversy.

ETYMOLOGICAL AND LITERAL.—A Letter'd Rascal: A Black-R'd Fellow.

## THE SOUTHPORT CONVALESCENT HOSPITAL.

[BY A HYPOCHONDRIAC.]

SUPPOSING—though thank Heaven I have been clear of the doctors for a long time—supposing, I say, that my doctor, as he has done before now, were to recommend me to take change of air—and supposing he were to suggest to me, as a doctor did once, the Southport Convalescent Hospital—and supposing that I have just been reading some letters in the *Examiner and Times*—supposing, I say, all these things, I should be in some perplexity. You go there, says the doctor, and you pay your thirty shillings a week; you have every attention, and are carefully looked after in a salubrious climate. What more could an invalid want? Some people will say that thirty shillings is not enough to pay for board and lodging and attendance, while others will say that it is quite enough. The Old Fogie assures me that less than that sum suffices him to maintain in comfort himself, his landlady, her slavey, and cat. The same amount suffices me usually to pay for all household necessities, including the doctor's bill; and now comes the point. Read the description of the hospital accommodation, as given by a correspondent whom I will call A. He says, in corroboration of a letter which had previously appeared:—

"Sir,—I have seen two letters in your newspaper. I will now give you a little of my experience. The bed that I occupied was filthy, and the beds were too close together. The baths were never cleaned out, and grown-up men had to bathe in a nude state, and youths seven years and upwards watching them. It was one day given out at the desk by the minister that there would be a second meeting of the patients on the lawn. I attended the meeting; there were over two-thirds of the patients there, a chairman was appointed, the different kinds of food were commented on, resolutions put to the meeting, and carried almost unanimously (with but one dissentient), condemning every article of food except butter, and they all said that was good, but it was used very sparingly."

This is the strain of correspondent A's letter. Correspondent B, whose letter is in the same column, is a medical gentleman, and takes quite a different view. He says:—

"I will quote the evidence of a patient of mine, who returned from that institution only last Thursday, and whose veracity is beyond all question. He says the nursing is excellent, cleanliness perfect, and there was no vermin. Diet abundant. Breakfast included cocoa, tea or coffee, and bread and butter. Dinner: Beef or mutton, potatoes, rice-pudding, varied with suet or bread puddings during the week. Tea: Tea, bread and butter (an abundance). Supper: Bread and milk. As his case required a carefully-regulated diet, he was allowed milk to breakfast, beef-teen for luncheon, and was allowed one pint of milk to drink during the night. He also speaks in grateful terms of the kindness and attention of the medical officers."

Correspondent C says the place is infested by rats and vermin. D denies this, and gives quite a heavenly account of everything. E suggests that the building should forthwith be "razed to the ground;" and F, who is a working-man, mentions in feeling terms "the bare table-tops, the stuff that is awfully like 'skilly,' the non-appearance of any other service for three meals out of the four but the ghostly-looking bowls, which are filled with some stuff—I have too much respect for the grocers to say it was tea, coffee, or cocoa, these being the terms it was known by; the over-thick bread, on which, if keenly scrutinised, traces of butter might be perceivable; cold dinners five days out of the seven; to be tortured both night and day by those horrible flesh-eaters," and so on; from all which correspondence it may be gathered that Southport has in the Convalescent Hospital as pretty a source of squabbling as Manchester has in the Infirmary question. If we are to believe the Southport doctors, of course, the complaints are all moonshine and pure ridiculous invention; but as the evidence of the complainants is substantial and cumulative, one is entitled to apply the maxim of no smoke without fire. Hospital patients, we all know, and especially convalescent patients, who can get together and gossip, are apt to be peevish and exacting; but if the grounds of

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complaint set forth by A and F are correct, they may certainly be pardoned for hinting that their respective thirty shillings have been badly laid out. Southport seems to have an infinite capacity for bringing upon itself scandals of this kind. No sooner is the ghost of a smallpox epidemic laid than this phantom arises to throw its chill influence over this watering-place. I have no desire to prejudice the case, for the correspondence is as yet in its infancy. But when statements, of the kind quoted, fly thick with reference to this and other institutions, the public can hardly be expected to have much faith in hospitals in general.

### PROFESSOR MACLURE'S ACADEMY.

SCENE.—A Chamber in Cross Street. A burly figure standing at a window with hands in pockets, eyes fixed on the Conservative Club, and whistling for a wind. Time: Tuesday afternoon.

Mr. J. W. Maclure. Well, politics is dull, to be sure, and Birley is throwing away his popularity. I must turn my attention to something else. [Miss Becker passes in front on her way to the School Board.] Let me see, teaching seems to be looking up. I will educate my party. What department shall I choose? The dead languages, to be sure—French, and so on, as most suitable for the celebration of our many dead failures. I must leave Saxon to Bright, who is always trumpeting the triumphs of the measures the Tories have opposed. [A Political Secretary passes the window.] Hallo, there's Symonds; the very man for a coach. He pulled me through at the spelling-bee. Hey, hallo, Symonds!

Political Secretary. Well, sir, what do you want of me? Shall I enrol your name? Has Birch converted you at last, most miserable political sinner?

The Bold Maclure [digging the P. S. in the pit of the stomach, and doubling him up]. Get out, now, wid yes. No, I am going to take a leaf out of Dr. Watts's book, and go in for a degree!

The P. S. Fiddle-de-dee! You don't know the dead languages.

The B. M. Why, I know French! What I want you to do is to put me through my facings.

The P. S. Oh, a viva voce.

The B. M. Not at all. Curse your written examinations, say I. I'd rather do it by word of mouth.

The P. S. I daresay. You don't shine in the epistolary art. Why, there is only one sentence in your letter to the Examiner and Times this morning that will go on all-fours.

The B. M. Bless my soul! Is there one? Which is it?

The P. S. [reading]. "I wish only, however, to refer to one point." That's all right enough, but it's the only one. In the first sentence you fail to say where you saw the report you complain of. But, here, read the letter yourself, and I will make the corrections as you go on.

The B. M. "I failed to see any of your regular staff of reporters present—to whom I must, as a body, pay the compliment of fairly reporting any proceedings at which they are present."

The P. S. Well, who's a body?

The B. M. They are a body.

The P. S. No, you are a body, and a heavy one, too; but for the purposes of your present declaration you had better have been a spirit. Do you know what you undertake to do?

The B. M. [confused]. No.

The P. S. Why, you propose to report, and report fairly, any proceedings at which the Examiner reporters severally and individually are present. You would serve them better by reporting proceedings at which they are unfortunately not present.\* How could you, "as a body," be present in two places—for example, at Rochdale reporting Bright, and at Burnley doing Rylands, at the same hour.

The B. M. Well, drop that. Let us get on to the dead languages.

The P. S. No, first let us exhaust the lesson. But I won't be too hard upon you. Let me read the last sentence. You recommend the Amateur Correspondent to invest in a dictionary of quotations (probably the same quarry you dig from yourself) before he "furnishes any further alips for

\* Perhaps he does. We should not be surprised to learn that Mr. Maclure himself supplied the Examiner and Times with the report. He is good-natured enough to do that—or anything else.—Ed. C. J.

insertion." May I ask, furnishes whom? with alips of what? for insertion where?

The B. M. Well, well, drop that, and go on with the dead languages.

The P. S. Translate this sentence: "*Parturiunt montes, nascetur ridiculus mus.*"

The B. M. I'm not very good at French, I know; but I think it means John Slagg was in labour and brought forth You.

The P. S. Well, that's not bad. No doubt that I am the Reform Union. But you are mistaken as to the maternity. Mammy Trevelyan could not survive the prodigious birth, and Slagg is only acting wet nurse. What do you know of Latin?

The B. M. *Vive L'Empereur.*

The P. S. Good; but your pronunciation is defective. Say *Lempriere*. You are getting on famously.

The B. M. Bless you, that's nothing. I am sometimes tempted to address the Infirmary Board in Greek or Hebrew; but I spare them, lest the Bishop and the Dean should be put out by my Manx accent.

The P. S. What do you know of mechanics?

The B. M. I can pull wires.

The P. S. Good. I'll take a lesson from you at that. Chemistry?

The B. M. I can sugar-coat a blue pill!

The P. S. Very good. Now spelling lesson. Spell Failure.

The B. M. P O W E L L.

The P. S. Humbug.

The B. M. T O B Y W O R K I N G M A N.

The P. S. You'll do now. I'll write out a degree and a signboard for you.

J. W. Maclure, B.A., B.C., B.D., B.L.,

Professor of French, Manx, and other Dead Languages.

LESSONS IN GRAMMAR AND DEPORTMENT.

POLITICAL READING PARTIES TAKEN IN.

### RECREATION FOR CHRISTIAN YOUNG MEN.

A GOOD many people must have been struck with surprise at seeing pictorial placards on the walls announcing the exhibition of a creature called the "two-headed nightingale" on the premises of the Young Men's Christian Association, the picture being accompanied by descriptive verses. We had always been accustomed to imagine that such associations were conducted on principles of exceeding and puritanical strictness, and we are glad to see by this instance that we were mistaken. Now that Knot Mill fair is abolished it is, above all, desirable that some place of amusement should be maintained wherein Christian young men can observe the wondrous freaks of nature, such, for example, as the "two-headed nightingale," the "fattest woman in the world," and so on. These are studies which will commend themselves to all Christian young men as affording complete and harmless recreation from the more severe and serious duties of attending Bible classes, missionary meetings, and reasonable addresses by the Bishop of Manchester. The surprise, therefore, to which we have alluded above is undoubtedly a pleasant one. The "two-headed nightingale" is an object which affords for Christian young men admirable incitements to discussion—philosophical, physiological, and general; and by taking advantage of this opportunity there will be fostered in every beholder an appreciation of the "fearful and wonderful" nature of his own make. We heartily congratulate the Society on this move in the right direction, as there is no doubt that by a judicious continuance in the same track the "Association" will be able to cut out all the music-halls and the secular haunts of a more or less objectionable nature by which the "Hall" in Peter Street is surrounded.

**WORMALD'S COUGH SPECIFIC.**—The most agreeable and effectual remedy ever introduced for the cure of coughs, colds, bronchitis, and asthma. Sold by most chemists, in bottles, 13d. and 2s. 6d. each, or may be had direct from the Proprietor, Shudehill, Manchester.

## CAWS OF THE WEEK.

THE Manchester Police have again put themselves on trial. They arrest at the dead of night, detain an entire Sunday and Sunday night in a dark cell, and place on trial for attempt to murder a Jesuit priest, whom five minutes' inquiry would have shown them was engaged in religious duties in a public place at the time, when the crime is said to have been committed.

Their only palliation is that they acted upon the statement of a hysterical girl, whom they believe to have been poisoned on the authority of a doctor, who can't tell what medicines he prescribed for his patient. Where was the police surgeon?

But this excuse, such as it is, does not justify the entire neglect of any attempt in the interval between Saturday night and Monday morning to obtain corroboration of the girl's story in any particular.

Why are Lancashire people so fond of tea-drinking? We read that at the New Year's party of the Rochdale Workmen's Club, on Tuesday night, there were people drinking tea from half-past three in the afternoon till seven in the evening—though we should be sorry to believe that the statement is true of any single individual. If there were any such, surely as Mr. Bright finished his speech he must have felt that virtue was its own reward.

An amusing incident diversified the proceedings before the opening of the public meeting. The reporters with their customary *sang froid* had taken possession of a sub-platform, placed immediately before the permanent platform, from which the speeches were delivered. To this place of vantage, the Orpheus Glee Club, which had been engaged to sing some things during the evening, thought they had a claim and their leader,

probably Orpheus himself, made a manful attempt to obtain it. He said that the reputation of the Glee Club was at stake and when remonstrated with by the Mayor, on the ground that it was very important that Mr. Bright's speech should be reported, replied "But we have also an idea of our own importance." The original Orpheus in pursuit of Eurydice had not a hotter time of it, in his old pilgrimage, than had his successor in Rochdale, after this utterance.

The hall being crowded and the audience being impatient, the Orpheus Glee Club, full of importance, had been asked to begin the programme. They had just struck up "Hail! smiling morn," when Mr. Bright made his appearance on the platform and the audience burst forth with "Auld Lang Syne," not *una voce*, but in sections. The effect was very ludicrous—something like the following:

Hail smiling morn—(treble)  
Should auld acquaintance—(basso.)  
—Smi—I—ling morn—smiling morn—  
—Never brought to mind—(screamer.)  
That tips the hills with gold—(high tenor.)

Finally "Auld Lang Syne," triumphed over its rival and we regret to say that after eclipsing "Smiling Morn," it collapsed lugubriously, probably because the audience tried to sing it in a sitting posture.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Articles intended for insertion must be addressed to the Editor of the *City Jackdaw*, Market Street Chambers, Manchester, and must bear the name and address of the sender. We cannot be responsible for the preservation or return of MSS. sent to us.

J. P.—Cannot you be content with showing that you have some sense by being a subscriber?

A Citizen.—You may be a very worthy citizen in private life, but when you write verses you are liable to be called an ass.

Christmas Compliments.—The cheerful bray with which you salute the season is acknowledged.

Jones on Things in General, C. W.—There is no doubt of the "originality." It would never have entered into anybody else's head to write rubbish of the kind.

R. P.—Your initials are quite safe, so you need not be frightened. Any one getting a sight of your MS. might suggest Ridiculous Person; but the waste-paper basket is discreet, and the man who carts away our rubbish cannot read.

My Last, J. M.—Our advice is, "Stick to it."

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(Intemperance) is curable. Read the following:—Col. Mc.—states: "He cured his sister, unknown to herself, and found the remedy far more efficacious than signing the pledge or attending temperance lectures." "A Wise Woman."—This lady was recommended to try the effects of the remedy on her husband, by a friend, whose husband was so intoxicated at the time he had to attend his duty that he would surely have been dismissed had he not taken the precaution to have a packet on hand; he was sobered in five minutes. This wise lady tried the effects unknown on her husband, and saved him his appointment. Capt. B.—B.—writes: "His wife was addicted to drink for years, and few weeks incapable of attending her household duties. Has now abstained for six months. I consider her cured by following the instructions sent with Dr. HYMAN'S REMEDY."—Packets, 4s. 6d.—Beeland House, Torre, Torquay.

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